

MEXICO DIRECTORY.

HENRY C. RIDER,
Publisher DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL. Job
work of all kinds, executed on short
notice with neatness and dispatch.

STONE, ROBINSON & CO.,
Main St., Manufacturers of Clothing
to Order, and Dealers in Dry Goods,
Ready made Clothing, Hats, Caps,
Boots & Shoes, Oil Cloths, etc. 34

E. L. HUNTINGTON,
Dealer in Drugs, Paints, Oils & Var-
nish, Books, Stationery, Clocks, Watch-
es, Jewelry, Silver and Plated-ware.
Main street. 34

THOMAS PEPPER,
Manufacturer of first-class heavy, fine
and fancy, pegged and sewed Boots,
Shoes. Repairing neatly done. Op-
posite the Post-office. 34

JACOB T. BROWN,
Manufacturer of and Dealer in all kinds
of heavy light, and fancy Harnesses,
Single and Double, Lap-robos, Blan-
kets and all other articles kept by
the trade. Main street. 34

BARKER BROS.,
Dealers in Fresh and Salt Meat, also
Manufacturers of and dealers in Pat-
ent Water Drawers and pumps for
wells and cisterns.

WM. H. HALL,
Barber and Hair Dresser. Particular
attention paid to Shampooing, and
the cutting of ladies' and children's
hair. Shop on Main street. 34

CHAS. BEEBE,
Attorney and Counselor at Law. Office
in Morse & Irish's Insurance office
Main street. 34

JOHN BROWN,
Dealer in Beef, Pork, Mutton, Veal,
Lamb and all kinds of meat. Temple's
old stand, corner of Main and Wash-
ington streets. 34

S. PARKHURST,
Keeps the largest and best assortment
of Boots, Shoes and Rubber goods.
Satisfaction given as to quality and
price. Opposite Post-office.

G. G. TUBBS.
Jeweler. Watches, Clocks and Jewelry
repaired. All work promptly attended
to and warranted. Shop in Goit &
Castle's store. 34

GEO. P. JOHNSON, M.D.,
PHYSICIAN & SURGEON.
Office over Goit & Castle's. Orders
left on slate will receive prompt at-
tention. Sleeps in office. 36

C. W. RADWAY, M. D.,
HOMEOPATHIC PHYSICIAN AND
SURGEON.
Office in Mexico Hotel. Entrance on
Church Street. Office hours 9 to 10
a. m., and 1 to 2 and 7 to 8 p. m. All
calls will receive prompt attention.

G. A. PENFIELD,
MANUFACTURER OF
Cutters, Sleighs, &c., and first-class
Covered or Open Brewster Buggies, or
Road Wagons. Repairing done on
the shortest notice. 48

B. S. STONE & CO.,
DEALERS IN
General Hardware, Stoves, Tin, Cop-
per and sheet-iron ware. Agents for
Oliver's Patent Chilled and Lawrence
& Chapin's Diamond Iron Flows.
Main street, Mexico, N. Y. 71

H. H. DOBSON,
DENTIST.

The painter went on his way across
the lagune and smiled as one smiles at
a lucky thought or a successful specula-
tion. His musings were pleasant
and as he lay "at listless length" with-
in the canopy of his gondola they
found such utterance as this:

"He is a good youth and hath a
proper love for art; he is studious,
too, gentle in manner, affectionate and
with a warm heart. My Beatrice is a
tender dove, and it will be well if she
can find a shelter in his breast. How
he gazed upon the picture! If he ad-
mire the original only half as much,
the train will soon be in flames. He
is a goodly youth." And with such
thoughts did Titian take council on
his brief and pleasant voyage to the
Lido. *Addio addio!*"

The short voyage of the Dorge from
the quay of the ducal palace to the
boundary of Lido and Malamocca was
always performed on this occasion in a
stately vessel called the Bucentaur, a
galley said to be of equal antiquity
with these maritime nuptials. This
magnificent vessel always bore a freight
of some importance; for, besides the
Doge, the council, the chief officers of
state and the admiral of the port (who
acted as pilot, and was bound by oath
to bring the vessel back to her harbor-
age in the arsenal), it bore the ambas-
sadors from the various countries in
alliance with the republic. Sometimes,
besides the nobilissimi and the state
officials, it bore citizens of worth, and
at all times the Doge was glad to see
by his side the great painter, Tiziano
Vecelli, whose pencil could confer such
immortality as earth is proud of, and
whose works reflected more fame upon
Venice than Venice in all her glory
could bestow upon him.

Meanwhile his pupil employed him-
self in looking at the portrait more
minutely than he heretofore had done.
The renewed and closer examination
confirmed his original opinion of its
excellence, not alone as a work of art,
but as the representation of a character
of feminine loveliness more attractive
than he had yet beheld in Venice. The
portrait represented a beautiful girl
just in the spring of youth, bearing
aloft in her hands a massive casket,
and pausing, as it were, in her onward
progress, to cast a smile upon the be-
holder—like a sudden sunburst! The
face was one of exquisite beauty, but
the naive and cheerful expression, the
hearty joyousness, the guileless and
trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a
part of intellectual loveliness far greater
than usually accompanies mere
beauty of features. For—though to
say so be treason against the majesty
of that sex whom we generalize as

of extracting teeth without pain, always on
hand. All work warranted at the lowest
living prices. Office over H. C.
Peek's store, Mexico, N. Y. 34

H. C. BEALS,

DENTIST.

GALLERY.

The place to get
YOUR PICTURE TAKEN,
Old Pictures Copied,
FRAMES FOR PICTURES, &c.,

All work warranted.
H. C. BEALS, Artist and agent for
Sewing Machines, and all kinds of
Machine needles, Oil Spooler-rubbers
and everything pertaining to sewing
Machines. 34-1

SUBSCRIBE for the DEAF-MUTES' JOUR-
NAL—Only \$1.50 a year.

The Deaf-Mutes' Journal.

"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."—CICERO.

VOLUME VII.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APRIL 11, 1878.

NUMBER 15.

POETRY.

THE PORTALS OF LIGHT.

I know not the hour of His coming,
I know not the hour nor me the year;
But I know that He bids me be ready
For the step that I some time shall hear.

And whether on earth or in heaven,
Down here, or mid scenes of the blast,
I am sure that His love will surround me,
And with Him I will leave all the rest.

I know not what lieeth before me,
It may be all pleasure, all care;
But I know at the end of the journey
Stands the mansion He wert to prepare.

And whether in joy or in sorrow,
Through valley, o'er mountain or hill,
I will walk in the light of His presence,
And His love all repining shall still.

I know not what duties are waiting,
For hands that are willing and true;
And I ask but the strength to be faithful,
To do well what he gives me to do.

And if He should bid me stand idle,
Just waiting in weakness and pain
I have only to trust and be hopeful,
And some time He'll make it all plain.

And when his voice calls in the morning,
At noon time perhaps, or at night,
With no plea but one Thou hast called me,
I shall enter the portals of light.

STORY TELLER.

TITIAN'S DAUGHTER.

(From an Old Magazine.)

"Thou dost admire that picture,
Giulio?" said the great painter, Tiziano
Vecelli, of Venice, to his favorite
pupil, Giulio Mantoni.

"Si, si, signor; but whose portrait
is it? When was it painted? and where
has it been until now?"

"Thou dost not ask who painted it.
Hast no curiosity, hast no wish to
learn this?"

"Curiosity enough, as thou well
knowest, signor, to prove my descent
from Eve, whose failing that way lost
a paradise to Adam. But I need not
ask who painted this, for there is only
one who can paint thus. There is but
one pencil which can blend such beau-
tiful coloring with such free drawing.
Signor mestro, if thou couldst have
thy pictures unrecognized, thou must
even hang them with the painting to
the wall."

"Flattery, Giulio—rank flattery!
But I believe thou meanest what thou
sayest. As to this portrait?"

"Ay, signor, whose likeness is it?"

"As thou art anxious to know, my
Giulio, and often playest a trick upon
thy master, methinks I shall not tell
thee. Thou mayest look grave if thou
wilt, but I shall not tell thee—now.
Call my gondolieri; the day is pleasant
and they shall row me across the
Lido. *Addio addio!*"

The painter went on his way across
the lagune and smiled as one smiles at
a lucky thought or a successful specula-
tion. His musings were pleasant
and as he lay "at listless length" with-
in the canopy of his gondola they
found such utterance as this:

"He is a good youth and hath a
proper love for art; he is studious,
too, gentle in manner, affectionate and
with a warm heart. My Beatrice is a
tender dove, and it will be well if she
can find a shelter in his breast. How
he gazed upon the picture! If he ad-
mire the original only half as much,
the train will soon be in flames. He
is a goodly youth." And with such
thoughts did Titian take council on
his brief and pleasant voyage to the
Lido. *Addio addio!*"

The short voyage of the Dorge from
the quay of the ducal palace to the
boundary of Lido and Malamocca was
always performed on this occasion in a
stately vessel called the Bucentaur, a
galley said to be of equal antiquity
with these maritime nuptials. This
magnificent vessel always bore a freight
of some importance; for, besides the
Doge, the council, the chief officers of
state and the admiral of the port (who
acted as pilot, and was bound by oath
to bring the vessel back to her harbor-
age in the arsenal), it bore the ambas-
sadors from the various countries in
alliance with the republic. Sometimes,
besides the nobilissimi and the state
officials, it bore citizens of worth, and
at all times the Doge was glad to see
by his side the great painter, Tiziano
Vecelli, whose pencil could confer such
immortality as earth is proud of, and
whose works reflected more fame upon
Venice than Venice in all her glory
could bestow upon him.

Meanwhile his pupil employed him-
self in looking at the portrait more
minutely than he heretofore had done.
The renewed and closer examination
confirmed his original opinion of its
excellence, not alone as a work of art,
but as the representation of a character
of feminine loveliness more attractive
than he had yet beheld in Venice. The
portrait represented a beautiful girl
just in the spring of youth, bearing
aloft in her hands a massive casket,
and pausing, as it were, in her onward
progress, to cast a smile upon the be-
holder—like a sudden sunburst! The
face was one of exquisite beauty, but
the naive and cheerful expression, the
hearty joyousness, the guileless and
trusting eloquence of aspect, formed a
part of intellectual loveliness far greater
than usually accompanies mere
beauty of features. For—though to
say so be treason against the majesty
of that sex whom we generalize as

"fair"—I fear it is but too true that
the perfection of personal and mental
beauty do not often meet in one. Yet,
even now do I remember to have met
that union.

The young artist admired the por-
trait for some time and then fell into a
meditative humor—a thing unusual
for him; for, though he was a Spaniard
he was a youth of quick imagination
and lively temperament, and it is not
the wont of such to anticipate the con-
templative thoughts which they
believe belong to the maturer season
of manhood. The youth thought and
thought and thought, until, when Ti-
tian returned, he found his pupil seat-
ed opposite the portrait, with his pen-
cil in his hand and his head downward
drooping—even as in his mood of po-
etic thought I have seen that of Words-
worth, the great master of the Tyre.
Titian came near, but Giulio did not
stir; nearer still, and Giulio was
breathing heavily; close to him and
touched his shoulder. The youth up-
started! He had fallen asleep before
portrait!

The ceremonials went on, and Andrea
Gritti, the Doge wedded the sea (an
unstable and fickle mistress) with the
acquainted words, "We wed thee with
this in token of our true and perpet-
ual sovereignty." The moment these
words were uttered, and the ring cast
into the sea, it was strewn with flow-
ers and fragrant herbs, in the fanciful
idea that thus bride was crowned!

The pageant ended, Giulio speeded
to Titian's house. He found the great
artist before the easel, busied, as usual,
in some work for immortality. They
spoke on various subjects, but
Titian made no mention of the young
signora, of whom Giulio had just one
glance. At last Giulio said that he
had seen Titian on the deck of the Bu-
centaur; but this, though it challenged
Titian's allusion to the lady, drew
no remark from him about her, so that
at last Giulio ventured to say that he
thought the signora much resembled
the portrait which he had admired
from the moment it first met its view.

"Admire it, Signor Giulio Mantoni!"
Fall asleep before if in excess of admiration!
Well, well, thou needst not blush. 'Tis my daughter Beatrice,
whom thou shalt meet anon. But, signor, if thou shouldst admire her, or if thou shouldst not, it would be well
for thee to take thy siesta ere thou
meetest her. Women as thou knowest,
like not cavalieri who are drowsy.
Nay, I have not told her that. She
saw thee, and asked who thou wert,
and I told her, Giulio; but not that thou
didst gaze thyself to sleep before
her portrait. Now, let us within.
Thou wilt like my gentle Beatrice.
She reminds me of what her fair and
loving mother was."

And Giulio did very much like Beatrice
Vecelli, who, in turn, admired the manly beauty and chivalrous bearing
of the Spaniard. Admirèd!—alas
that is a word all too weak. Woman
scarcely knows a medium, in her inter-
course with our sex, between the coldest
indifference and the warmest love.

Long before she knew it Beatrice was
deeply and devotedly attached to
Giulio. Her father saw this, and did
not check it; he already loved Giulio
Mantoni as son, and cheerily anticipated
that, in the natural course of time and circumstance, he would be-
come so—with the consent of Beatrice.

Very much did Giulio admire the
loveliness, the grace, the innocence of
Beatrice Vecelli, but he did not love
her with more than a brother's love.
To do him justice, he was all uncon-
scious of the feelings which his atten-
tive kindness had awakened in her gentle
heart. He read to her and talked
with her as if she were his dear sister;
and she made the too common mistake
of thinking that these general courtesies,
made most kind through the similitude
of his manner, had a particular applica-
tion. So, the signora was in love!

Two months had passed by, since
the return of Beatrice to her father's
house, and during this time the young
maiden, flushed with her growing pas-
sion (innocent as it was deep,) and buoyed
up by the hopes which her

confidence, well worthy the attention of a
painter's mind and eye. The Bucentaur
was swept on in a stately manner
by the rowers, and Giulio's light gondola
came near it, within full view of
the gallant company beneath its gorge-
ous canopy of crimson damask, richly
embroidered with gold. To Giulio's
amaze, Titian had by his side a young
lady, and when she turned her face for
a moment Giulio saw to his surprise
and delight that she was the fair origi-

some rapid bark. It was now midday
and all was calm in Venice as in other
cities at the hour of midnight, for
the heat of the room kept even the
gondolier within doors. But it was
cool in the room in which Beatrice
and Giulio were sitting, for the long
blinds had been drawn down, excluding
the sunshine and admitting the breeze.
She had been singing, and it was from
the flush of her cheek and the tenderness
of her tone as she closed the curtains
that Giulio now first

surmised what might be the nature of
her feelings towards him. This was
the song :

Oh, sue not thou for fortune's dower
With lordly pomp to gild thy fate,
Nor ask of cold, ambitious power,
To crown thee with a haughty state!

Seek not for conquest to entwine
Ensanguined laurels in thy hair,
But listen to this lay of mine,
This orison, this ardent prayer

Of "love me, love me!"

Oh, sue not thou for fortune's dower
With lordly pomp to gild thy fate,
Nor ask of cold, ambitious power,
To crown thee with a haughty state!

Seek not for conquest to entwine
Ensanguined laurels in thy hair,
But listen to this lay of mine,
This orison, this ardent prayer

Of "love me, love me!"

The song had ceased; it was a simple
melody, but there was a startling
expression of earnestness in it which
struck to Giulio's heart. For a brief
space he sat in silence, and then thus
spoke to the beautiful cantatrice :

"Lay aside the mandolin, dear Beatrice,
and let us talk. You have never
inquired who or what I am. I consider
you as my sister, and it is not
well that you should be in ignorance
of this."

"Nay," said Beatrice, with a smile
and a blush, "I will not own you as a
brother, and I will have no unravelling
of mysteries. Let me sing this barcarole."

"Beatrice," said he, with a grave air
and earnest tone that suddenly chilled
her mirth: "Beatrice, this is the time
for your sake as for my own, to have
the mystery unraveled, if it be worth
the name of mystery. I am not quite
what I appear, in a word I am of the
royal house of Spain; my mother was
the daughter of a noble of Almaine;
my father is the Emperor Charles. To
avoid a marriage of his choice, heart
and hand being plighted to a lady-
love of my own, I fled from Spain and
became a pupil of your father's, as
much from love of the art as to give
my leisure pleasant occupation."

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

MEXICO, N. Y., THURSDAY, APR. 11, 1878.

HENRY C. RIDER, Editor and Proprietor,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.
FORT LEWIS SELINEY, Associate
REV. AUSTIN CO., N. Y., Editors.
23 Linden St., Cleveland O.
REV. HENRY WINTER SYLE, Foreign Editor,
U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

The DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL is issued every
Tuesday. It is the best paper for deaf-mutes published; it contains the latest news and correspondence; the best writers contribute to it.

TERMS:

One copy, one year, - - - - - \$1.50
Clubs of ten, - - - - - 1.25
Not paid within six months, - - - - - 2.50
These prices are invariably remitted by post office money order, or by registered letter.
63 Terms, cash in advance.

CONTRIBUTIONS.

All communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the writer, not necessarily for publication, but as a guarantee of good faith. Correspondents are alone responsible for views and opinions expressed in communications.

Contributions, Subscriptions and Business Letters to be sent to the
DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL,
Mexico, Oswego Co., N. Y.

All communications relative to the foreign Department should be sent to the Foreign Editor, Rev. HENRY WINTER SYLE, U. S. Mint, Philadelphia, Pa.

Rates of advertising made known upon application.

Specimen copy sent to any address on receipt of five cents.

NO CAUSE FOR SURPRISE.

Our correspondent whose article is headed "Defending the female teachers" says: "To many of your readers, it is a matter, I am sure, both of surprise and regret, that you should have admitted into your columns such a libel on the majority of female teachers as appeared in your issue of March 28."

We assure the writer that there is no cause for "surprise and regret" on account of the admission of said article to our columns. In fact, it may, in the end prove beneficial to our lady friends whose occupation is that of instructing pupils in deaf-mute or speaking schools—at least their cause will not suffer much so long as they have so many true and gallant defenders as "E" proves himself to be; moreover, although not in sympathy with our "X's" expressed opinion of female teachers, he is one of our many correspondents, and so long as he uses no personalities, and his arguments are not prejudicial to the general good of humanity, his right to speak in our columns, for the purpose of expressing his general views on the subject, are to be respected and tolerated the same as other writers. The language conveyed in "X's" communication is chaste, though in some instances perhaps strong, and entirely free from anything that savors of personality, as is also that of "E's"; and, to satisfy our readers that he intends his arguments for the general good of the cause of deaf-mute education, we will simply say, of him, that he is not a resident of this State, but a resident of another State, an instructor of deaf-mute pupils in a prominent institution for the deaf and dumb, and is a teacher of long standing and of well-known reputation, distinguishing for the success which he has attained as a teacher of the deaf and dumb. Besides all that, all of our readers ought to know by this time that we do not hold ourselves responsible for the opinions of our correspondents.

A ROLLING STONE GATHERS NO MOSS.

The Mirror dislikes the unrest of deaf-mutes which incites them to travel from place to place, spending in going and coming a considerable amount. Among the reasons it gives for this transportation is desire for companionship with other deaf-mutes. This is true in many cases; but we know some mutes who find abundant and congenial society among the hearing and speaking where their lines have fallen. That this is not true of all is a sad fact. Hearing people generally become interested in a deaf-mute family, and in many instances have been known to learn the alphabet on purpose to converse with more ease; and the younger members often pick up a few signs, and there are isolated cases where proficiency, even, is attained. Lack of character, questionable reputation, and general shiftlessness do not draw friends worth having; and the room of such people, deaf or otherwise, is generally preferred to their company.

To emigration in search of mute companionship, if that is an indispensable requisite to the life of any deaf-mute, we raise the point as to whether it would not be cheaper and more profitable, every way to secure sure work for a mute friend and then write him to come and settle within visiting distance. This is what hearing folks do, and the example is a good one. "A rolling stone gathers no moss" is true not only of the stone, but also of its human copy.

EDITORIAL NOTES.

England is drifting towards war. Indeed she has approached so near beligerancy, that an escape from a war with her enemy of 1856 seems almost impossible. The situation is very grave, and every day it becomes more apparent that an amicable settlement of the difficulty is altogether out of the question. The faint glimmering of peace which the proposed congress of the Powers gave us, is fast being dissipated, and war seems inevitable. In the meantime Russian troops are hovering in the vicinity of Constantinople, waiting for something to turn up. Over here, it seems strange that an army which has subdued another army should not be permitted to conclude terms with the conquered enemy. It is one of the evils which grow out of entangling alliances with foreign powers, against the formation of which the people of the United States were warned in Washington's Farewell Address. Of course the geography of Europe renders alliances of an entangling nature, and hence, necessitous, dangerous, especially where commercial highways common to all are to be maintained. And it is on this account that England is increasing her army, making appropriations to meet war expenses, and putting her army in a condition for active service in the field, and on this account the whole of Europe is stirred with a martial spirit as it has not been in twenty years. The question of self-interest is paramount, and the sword will have to settle it.

The Western Union Telegraph Company has issued orders establishing grades among the operators and messengers, and to re-arrange salaries to accord with the grades. In no instances, however, is the expenditure for salaries to be increased. The grades have already been settled in the New York State offices. Some of the operators have been slightly reduced in salaries, and others correspondingly benefited. Formerly, for instance, some operators received \$100 per month, while others, equally skillful, received but \$85. Hereafter they will be in one class and receive the same pay. There will be a distinction between the salaries of first-class operators stationed in New York, and those stationed in other cities, the distinction being in favor of the former operators, on account of the increased rates of living there. The average rates of pay per month will, however, be: First class, \$100; second, \$90; third \$85. The lowest rates will be \$50 per month. This company now pays many of its operators at the latter rate. These are principally women. It will be weeks before the entire service is graded, as the work is left to the various Superintendents to do slowly and carefully.

The Stewart hotel for women, in New York, was formally opened on Tuesday night. The attendance was large, numbering upwards of twenty thousand persons. The hotel is probably the finest and most complete establishment in the world. It will accommodate one thousand guests, and cost the enormous sum of \$3,700,000. The price of board for regular guests is from six to ten dollars per week, and transients are charged two dollars per day. The regulations governing guests are the most stringent, and will be most strictly enforced. Parties out of town who desire to become guests are obliged to make application in advance by letter which may and may not be convenient at all times.

Madame Restell, a notorious medical practitioner, suocided at her residence, in New York, on Monday morning of last week. She had been arrested, and her trial was to have taken place on the day of her death, and it is supposed the anxiety growing out of her situation led to the act of self-destruction, which those believing in retributive justice would consider a fitting close for such a life. She was sixty-six years old, and had amassed a fortune, as the result of her business, of nearly a million dollars. Her residence was one of the most conspicuous on Fifth Avenue.

A GOOD ACCOUNT.

To sum it up, six long years of bed-ridden sickness and suffering, costing \$200 per year, total, \$1,200— all of which was stopped by three bottles of Hop Bitters, taken by my wife, who has done her own housework for a year since, without the loss of a day, and I want everybody to know it for their benefit.

JOHN WEEKS, Butler, N. Y.

PLANTS.

Send your address for our new spring price list of plants. Our stock is large and we are selling very low. Address, Oswego Greenhouses, W. N. Mattoon, Manager, Oswego, N. Y.

The Itemizer.

The idea is to gather into this column items that relate to deaf-mutes personally, or to associations of deaf-mutes, or to institutions for the benefit of deaf-mutes. We hope our friends and readers will keep us supplied with facts for this column; mark items so sent: *The Itemizer.*

Does J. E. Tuttle subscribe for the *Index*?

The Virginia Institution has been photographed.

Grab, of the *Tablet*, has invested in a portrait of the late Pius IX.

The *Mirror* wants Prof. T. L. Brown to give up teaching and become a clergyman.

A lively rat did sad mischief to the nerves of several women of the Nebraska Institution.

A couple of graduates were recently married at the Belleville Institution, Dr. Palmer interpreting.

JAMES SIMPSON, recently of the New York Institution, was lately groomsman at a Michigan wedding.

The *Star* and *Index* shake hands and declare that pupils' compositions should be printed with out correction.

The Iowa Institution, rumor has it, proposes to remove the Institution for the Deaf to a more central location.

The Nebraska Institution has four Babcock fire extinguishers ready for an emergency, which it is hoped will never occur.

WOULDN'T it be a good plan for those papers that pad out with clippings from our itemizer to say where they got them?

ARRAOUER the Nebraska Institution is some three miles from town, good roads and weather will bring out lots of visitors.

J. E. T. favors the *Mirror* with a lot of deaume news in a letter from Illinois. But he is not the author of the gold pen question.

The *Mute's Journal* of Nebraska, having abundant space makes copious and readable extracts from the various Institution reports.

The *Mirror* hints that if it was an ass, and got into the *Educator's sanctum*, (mind the possessive,) it would level things generally.

The *Gazette* wants its contemporaries to give it some idea of what is going on in the schoolrooms of the Institution from which they hail.

A Nebraska Institution boy tumbled head first into a tub of water and, in the words of the local scribe, "bruised his shin considerably."

The Nebraska Institution printing-office and fixtures cost \$585—plus the monthly care and anxiety which they say cannot estimate.

They have an electric machine in the Michigan Institution, and it lights the gas, stirs plus into a fellow and otherwise amuses the *Mirror* man.

SUPERINTENDENT MacIntire, accompanied by his daughter and Miss Taylor, of the Indiana Institution, recently visited the Ohio Institution.

The *Mirror*, among the remarks on the education of the deaf, says that it requires different text books from hearing youth. No it does not.

How folks do visit down in Virginia, to be sure. The Virginia Institution had from fifty to a hundred of them in one part of a recent pleasant day.

A Kansas Institution boy, who as yet is not out of his growth, easily stores away 36 four-inch crackers at a meal, and also finds room for the other table dishes.

A cat crawled under the floor of the engine room next to a steam oven and was unable to get out. The odor of roast cat quickly unearthened him. This was at the Michigan Institution.

A friend of Northern New York, who desires us to suppress his name, last Saturday sent us by express a very large mass of fine vegetable oysters, for which he has our own and our family's most sincere and hearty thanks.

The near-sighted Nebraska Institution boy had his hat blown off again the other day; and, to prevent it from going farther, he pounced on an old rusty inverted basin that chance to be lying near. Supposing it was his hat, he tried to get it on his head.

In referring to the record of the graduates of the college, Dr. Gallaudet, in a recent speech said: "Three have become clergymen." We gather from the report that the teachers conscientiously and faithfully performed their duties, and the pupils were greatly profited by the zealous labor exerted for their benefit. Next to the American Asylum, the mother of all American deaf-mute instruction, the New York Institution stands out in bold relief against all others by reason of the immense good results she has accomplished, and is now accomplishing, for the educational benefit of the deaf and dumb.

THE CRISIS.

What think you would be the result if the earth should stop spinning round the sun? Were you ever near a large and intricate machine when one of its wheels became clogged or broken—near enough to hear the grating, jarring clash, the sudden, deafening crash? Astronomers assure us that precisely similar effects, only on a conceivably grander scale, would be produced if our earth—one of the wheels in the universe-machine—should suddenly cease its revolutions. In other words, there would be a general clash and crash of satellites, planets and systems. What we term financial crises are due to similar causes. One of the wheels in the financial machine becomes clogged, perhaps shattered. The terrible Wall-street "crash" which follows is communicated to every part of the financial mechanism of the country. But analogies do not stop here. There is that other mechanism, the most intricate of all—sometimes called an organism because it generates its own forces—the human machine. When one of its members fails to perform its office, the whole system is thrown into disorder. Members before considered unassailable break down under the unnatural pressure. The shock comes, and utter prostration is the result. Reparation can only be effected by the restoration of the impaired parts and the re-adjustment of its levers—the physical forces. There is one part of the machine more liable to disorder than any other,—the liver,—the great balance-wheel of the machine.

The question is often asked by those who become interested in the higher education of the deaf and dumb: "When they have received all these advantages, what can these deaf-mutes do to render back to society some recompence for the pains bestowed on their training?" This question was asked by a member of Congress, who is now president of one of the New England colleges, and my answer to him was a little peculiar. I asked him if he knew a certain paper published in the district which he represented. He said he knew it very well, and read it regularly; "and, by the way," he added, "it opposed my election." I then told him that the paper referred to had been edited by a young man who was a graduate from the National Deaf-Mute College. "Oh yes," he replied, "I see; I understand very well, then, what your graduates can do." [Laughter.] —EZ.

It is presumed that he who edits the *Star* has a file of the *Annals* at hand, and if he will spend a leisure hour in reading up the literature of the profession, as therein contained, he will find the opinions of the able minds who seek on the question of the use and abuse of signs and their natural and artificial order. Deaf-mutes are not the result of signs, nor articulation, nor of any well-defined system of instruction. They are simply that peculiarity of mind shown more or less by all persons who endeavor to master a new language, and just in proportion as experience and understanding increases these peculiarities decrease. The German emigrant to our shores picks up our language as best he may, and one would find it hard to make a scapegoat of the sign-language when he is heard to mutter: "What for he laugh me?" So through the whole line of foreigners and their blunders. If signs are to lose their value, better use the words themselves and be done with it. If an artist proposes to pictorially represent the scenes in a Greek manuscript we have, we accept his aid with alacrity and thanks; but if he is only to color the manuscript we elect to use the words uncolored and study them out with grammar and dictionary.

VICK'S ILLUSTRATED PRICED CATALOGUE gives the different Classes of Flowers arranged under appropriate headings, such as Annuals, Perennials, Everlastings, Climbers, Vegetables, etc., making it very convenient for customers to find anything that may be desired. The Catalogue may be obtained by sending to James Vick, Rochester, N. Y.

COMPLIMENTS.

We are indebted to Hon. D. W. C. Peck, of this village, our member of assembly, for a copy of Hon. Charles R. Skinner's speech on "Biennial sessions of the legislature," delivered in the assembly, at Albany, N. Y., March 12th, 1878; also a copy of Mr. Skinner's speech "Against any modification of the present excise law," delivered in the assembly, Feb. 28th, 1878, both of which are very able speeches and abound in sound arguments. Mr. Skinner, now of Watertown, is a native of Union Square, and Mexico has good reasons for feeling proud of him as one of our former townsmen, as he is acknowledged to be a very competent and honorable member of our State Legislature.

THE GREATEST BLESSING.

A simple, pure, harmless remedy, that cures every time, and prevents disease by keeping the blood pure, stomach regular, kidneys and liver active, is the greatest blessing ever conferred upon man. Hop Bitters is that remedy, and its proprietors are being blessed by thousands who have been saved and cured by it. Will you try it? See other column.

REV. A. W. MANN'S APPOINTMENTS FOR DEAF-MUTE SERVICES.

Indianapolis, Ind.,	May 19th.
Cleveland, O.,	22d.
Chicago, Ill.,	26th.
Chicago, ("Dio'an Con'tion")	28th.
Battle Creek, Mich.,	29th.
Jackson, Mich.,	30th.
Pontiac, "	31st.
Detroit, "	June 2d.
Flint, "	3d.
Detroit, "	4th.
Detroit, ("Dio'an Con'tion")	5th.
Cleveland, O.,	9th.
Pittsburg, Pa., ("Dio'an Con'tion")	12th.
Dayton, O.,	14th.
Cincinnati, "	16th.
Louisville, Ky.,	23d.
Shelby, O.,	27th.
Cleveland, "	30th.

Other appointments will be made later.

THE HOUSE-CLEANER'S GREETING.

BY A LONGFELLOW.

When winter's chills and vapors,
Succeeding dismal fall

With all its bronchial capers,

Give place to spring, we all

Rip off our smoke-stained papers.

From parlor and from hall;

Like gas compared to tapers,

Illuminate each wall

With hangings new and tasteful

From VIRGIL'S ample store,

For none should call it wasteful

The lovely to adopt,

E'en though it takes the "spelter,"

Your very bottom cent,

To beautify the shelter.

Where sweet hours are spent

Spread wealth out "helter skelter."

Don't groan, but "let it went."

L. L. V.'s decorations

For parlor, kitchen, hall,

In cheapness, beat creation,

Spring

Correspondence.

[Although our columns are open for the publicity of the opinions of all, we do not identify ourselves with, or hold ourselves responsible for those expressed by any of our correspondents.]

DEFENDING THE FEMALE TEACHERS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—To many of your readers, it is a matter, I am sure, both of surprise and regret, that you should have admitted into your columns such a libel on the majority of female teachers as appeared in your issue of March 28th. The article seems scarcely deserving of any serious consideration, and ought, perhaps justly, to be left to the silent contempt which it so richly merits. And let me say at the outset, that I disclaim any intention of giving it character by any such consideration.

The first question that naturally arose in the mind of the reader, was,

what could have prompted "X" to

such an unjustifiable and silly attack upon the female teachers of our institutions? The answer will, most likely,

be found in the fact, that he had applied for a position as teacher, and

some smart, enterprising young man with education, culture and brains, had stepped in before him; and hence

naturally enough, perhaps, in the ab-

sence of good sense, good taste, and

good advisers, his chagrin and mortifi-

cation expressed themselves in more

than a column of bad English, false

statements, confused ideas, absurd fig-

ures of speech and ridiculous nonsense.

The absolute ignorance of the subject

of which "X" attempts to write, is

something amazing. And, further-

more, what an exhibition of egotism

and unconscious self-assertion! One

is reminded of the story of the little

three-year-old, who, when the plumbers

were making some repairs in her fa-

ther's house, followed them about say-

ing, with great seriousness and mock

dignity, "when you want to know any-

thing, ask me." When "X" expresses

his surprise that "the relative merits

of male and female teachers in the

deaf and dumb institutions of the

country are never discussed in the

Annals and other journals of education,

he exhibits his inexcusable

ignorance of the literature of the day,

and provokes the question, why he,

with whom are, or seem to be, all the

treasures of wisdom on this subject,

has not, himself enlightened us?

He goes on to say "the peculiarity of the

system of instruction"—I suppose he

means in our deaf-mute institutions—

"seems to call for the highest talent,

and it is well settled that the profes-

sion receives the strongest impetus

from the masculine element." Who

told him so? "The will and inventive

genius of man are stronger and more

active than the passive and impenetrative"—impenetrative is good—"mind of woman."

Now hear this, you who are so un-

fortunate as to have been born a wo-

man: "The fire of literature and far-

reaching penetration that glow in the

eyes"—think of literature glowing in

the eyes of the talented teacher, a

man of course—calling forth "the re-

spective attention and co-operative en-

thusiasm of the young and aspiring

minds, and the reputation and influ-

ence that he wields outside the school

command their admiration and esteem."

Just think what it must be to wield

a reputation and influence! "An auto-

matic doll." Well, that figure is too

much for us. Then, "they have no

higher ambition in life than to get

married, and find the free exercise of

their sphere"—exercise of their sphere

is very good—"in the bounds of home."

Well, if they had no desire to get mar-

ried, think how miserable nearly one

half the race would be! "They neither

know nor experience the business side

of life, and are thus unfitted to mould,

by their bearing and discourse, the

minds and aspirations of the rising

generation. The young intellect nat-

urally inclines to the more stable and

trust-worthy standard."

"X" now has the floor, to give an in-

elligent idea as to what those two sen-

tences may mean. "The female element

lowers the dignity of the profession."

How sad! "An institution is school

of learning, and not an asylum, where

they sleep and eat." Who is "they?"

Now hear this! "The edifice is an

expressive and imposing structure, and

part and parcel of the public domain."

Now for a Philadelphia lawyer to

tell us what that means. "And under

the supervision of dignitaries"—they

are men of course,—"and as the corps

of teachers is the most important part

of the whole concern,"—concern is a

happy word—employment of women

is not in keeping with its reputation,

but lowers it into a first-class board-

ing-house for young ladies and super-

annuated maids." How awful! Now

who will enlighten us here?

"A female teacher, by reason of her

natural relation in life, is the impersonation of non authority."

Again: "Physically constituted, woman is the emblem of weakness and dependence, and man that of strength endurance and independence." What has that to do with her ability or success in teaching?

"And, as the peculiarity of the modus operandi produces great strain upon the nervous system, the former cannot endure the work to any lasting available results."

He airs his latin here, but the ever recurring question is, what does it all mean? Is it true, as Talleyrand has said, that language is for the purpose of concealing thought? Or, to quote more correctly, that "men speak only in order to conceal their thoughts?"

One cannot but wonder if "X" has a mother or sister; wife, of course, he has none, more pity for him, for, had he a good, sensible wife, he never would have been suffered to make himself ridiculous, by publishing such an article. And as for the women he counts among his acquaintances, he does not reflect much honor on them.

And, now, to set at rest any surmises as to the authorship of this article, let me say, first, that I am a man, one of that race of "dignitaries," and, second, that, with many years of experience in the profession of teaching, I was also for several years superintendent of a system of public schools in one of the larger cities of this State, in which more than two hundred teachers, nearly all of them women, were employed at a time; and, that, while making no invidious comparisons between the relative merits of male and female teaching, I may say that some of the best teachers I have known were women. True, my observation and experience in deaf-mute institutions have been somewhat limited. Teaching, whether of the deaf-mute or speaking pupil, requires in the teacher the same mutual endowment and aptness to teach, which, I hold, the female possesses in common with the male. Special preparation of course is required for special work, and this, the female may have, if she choose, as well as the male; and while it may be shown that, in some particular positions, in the work of instruction and discipline, the man is to be preferred to the woman, it can also be shown that, in other positions, the woman is greatly to be preferred to the man; or, in other words, let me say, from my experience and observation, the question of success or failure in the work and profession of teaching has little or nothing to do with the question as to whether the teacher be a man or a woman.

E.

Rochester, N. Y., April 1, 1878.

FEMALE TEACHERS.

EDITOR JOURNAL:—Why is it that the comparative merits of male and female teachers for the deaf and dumb have never been discussed in their journals and periodicals? Of course it is because no one has been so obtuse as not to see their fitness for the positions which they occupy till your correspondent "X" raises the question. And it is not because, as he says, that "the disparity is too plain to need any comment."

"X" announces that he is about to make an honorable and impartial criticism, but having read his article we must own that it is the best satire on "honorable and impartial" criticism we ever read.

It is true that the peculiar methods of teaching the deaf and dumb call for the highest talent. But it is not talent alone. A great deal more tact is necessary. We are acquainted with many teachers, who, although in possession of a very liberal education, are unable to obtain better results from their teaching than many of their associates of inferior education. If the women are superior to the men in anything, it is in tact. Moreover, women are not inferior to men if they are allowed the same advantages.

What man accomplishes by bold strokes, gentle woman brings about in a quiet unostentatious way. Of a loving, sympathetic temperament, it is easy to detect and understand the peculiarities of her pupils, and make them to do what she wishes.

We have seen a dandified gentleman instructor laid up for a week for some slight indisposition; and we have seen a noble woman carrying her injured arm in a sling, day in and day out, till it got well, and all the time pursuing her duties with unabated energy. We have seen men teachers leisurely stretching their lordly limbs in their chairs on hot summer days, while their associates of the gentler sex were stirring round in their hot school-rooms, with flushed, perspiring faces, never thinking that the hot weather privileged them to "laze around."

Why is it that more than half of the teachers employed in our common schools are women? And why has this been the case for so many years? Any body with a grain of sense knows that they would not be allowed so large a share in the training of the young if they were not competent.

It may be that women are not as well versed as men in business matters, but this does not injure her standing as a teacher, because it is next to useless to attempt to teach a boy or girl how to do business by a set of rules.

The only way is by experience, and, however well taught, they would have to learn it all over again. Besides, teachers, even if men, do not generally know much, practically, about managing business, since their experience lies in an intellectual field, and they do not have time to attend to these things, beyond keeping their households in order.

The female element does not lower the dignity of the profession.—It ennobles it and makes it refined. Men teachers are not so superior to the rest of mankind as to be beyond the refining influence of women: a community in which there are women is always a much more respectable one than others without that blessing. What could be done with the large proportion of our female pupils without some female teachers to assist in their care? Just imagine what would be the result of such a contingency in one of our large institutions. We greatly fear that your correspondent "X" has not had the privilege of living in a community where there are women.

Of course woman has a pure and ennobling influence over those under her care. Let us turn to the list of our great men. Who will you find among them that was not once "mother's boy?" Why should there be any hurry in removing them from such excellent care, as "X" would have us? Ah, we fear that he left his petticoats in the nursery all too soon, to wade about this muddy world in trowsers. Probably the shingle was not used sufficiently on his young conceit, else he would know better how to speak of women.

It is true that women do not receive as much compensation for their services as men. This is partly because of the large number of them available as teachers, and partly a relic of the past prejudices that used to consider woman a sort of inferior animal of the human species, and it is not because of their alleged inferiority to men that they are so paid.

An appeal to facts does not bear out

"X's" assertion that there are more changes among the female teachers of

an institution than among the males,

so I need say nothing further here.

"X" broadly asserts that lady teachers are worthless as disciplinarians. Here again he is grossly mistaken.

Women have as much of the tact of managing as men, and even more.

There are many women teachers who manage their pupils better than their male associates. In a well-ordered institution none but the principal is permitted to administer corporal punishment, and when this is the case applications for discipline for pupils are as numerous from the gentlemen as from the lady instructors. Perhaps "X" draws his inferences from an institution where the teachers do their own whipping; in which case the women are obliged to invoke the assistance of the principal much oftener than the men.

Your correspondent cannot show that, taken as a whole, male teachers are more able than the females. There are many of both classes that are poor and should never have been selected.

These obtained their positions by currying favor with the principal, or some prominent director, or through the ties of relationship, and, having once got them, they have tact enough to keep in their comfortable berths, by cultivating the favor of the "powers that be."

We never knew any harm to the morals of her pupils coming from a lady teacher, and we wish the same could be said of the males; but we cannot but own that we are aware of several instances in which very superior men teachers debauched young girls under them.

We have seen a dandified gentleman instructor laid up for a week for some slight indisposition; and we have seen a noble woman carrying her injured arm in a sling, day in and day out, till it got well, and all the time pursuing her duties with unabated energy. We have seen men teachers leisurely stretching

their lordly limbs in their chairs on hot summer days, while their associates of the gentler sex were stirring round in their hot school-rooms, with flushed, perspiring faces, never thinking that the hot weather privileged them to "laze around."

Why is it that more than half of the teachers employed in our common schools are women? And why has this been the case for so many years? Any body with a grain of sense knows that they would not be allowed so large a share in the training of the young if they were not competent.

I have said what I had to say. My

motive in criticising "X's" article was to correct some of the mis-statements therein. I do not put women before men as teachers, but rather have tried to show that they are both alike indispensable. "Honor to whom honor is due."

NATTY BUMPO.

April 4, 1878.

Professor Job Turner's Well Enjoyed Visit at Columbia, S. C.

My DEAR MR. RIDER:—Last night I reached this truly beautiful city from Cedar Spring, S. C., which place I left yesterday morning, under the kind protest of Mr. Walker, the principal, his officers and pupils. They said that they would be glad to have had me remain with them some time longer. I was greatly pleased with them, and the institution. I would most gladly have complied with their wishes, but my mission work requires labor, and the seeking of opportunity of doing good rather than gratification of pleasures so often temptingly placed before me.

After my arrival, the Rev. Dr. Shand, a very elegant and venerable Episcopal minister, 78 years old, called to see me, and I enjoyed

